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LUCIUS,

THE FIRST

Christian King of *Britain.*

A

TRAGEDY.

. As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

B Y

His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mrs. *MANLEY.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for John Barber on Lambeth-hill, and sold by Benj. Tooke at the Middle-Temple Gate, Henry Clements in St. Paul's Church-yard, and John Walthoe, jun. over-against the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, 1717.

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By Mrs. M. W. L. E. T.

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TO

Sir *RICHARD STEELE*.

WHEN Men cast their Eyes upon Epistles of this Kind, from the Name of the Person who makes the Address, and of Him who receives it, they usually have Reason to expect Applauses improper, either to be given or accepted by the Parties concern'd. I fear it will, at first Sight, be much more so in this Address than any other which has at any Time appear'd; but while common Dedications are stuff'd with painful Panegyricks, the plain and honest Business of this is, only to do an Act of Justice, and to End a former Misunderstanding between the Author, and Him, whom She, here, makes Her Patron. In Consideration that one knows not how far what We have said of each other, may affect our Character in the World, I take it for an Act of Honour to declare, on my Part, that I have not known a greater Mortification than when I have reflected upon the Severities which have flow'd from a Pen, which is now, You see, dispos'd as much to celebrate and commend You. On Your Part, Your sincere Endeavour to promote the Reputation

The DEDICATION.

tion and Success of this TRAGEDY, are infallible Testimonies of the Candour and Friendship you retain for Me. I rejoice in this publick Retribution, and with Pleasure acknowledge, That I find by Experience, that some useful Notices which I had the good Fortune to give You for Your Conduct in former Life, with some hazard to my Self, were not to be blotted out of Your Memory by any Hardships that follow'd them.

I KNOW You so well, that I am assur'd You already think I have, on this Subject, said too much; and I am confident You believe of Me, that did I not conceal much more, I should not say so much. Be then the very Memory of disagreeable Things forgotten for ever, and give Me leave to Thank You for Your Kindness to this PLAY, and in return, to shew towards Your Merit the same Good-will. But when my Heart is full, and my Pen ready to express the kindest Sentiments to Your Advantage, I reflect upon what I have formerly heard You say, That the Fame of a Gentleman, like the Credit of a Merchant, must flow from his own intrinsick Value; and that all Means to enlarge it, which do not arise naturally from That real Worth, instead of promoting the Character of either, did but lessen and render it suspicious. I leave You therefore, to the great Opportunities, which are daily in Your Power, of bestowing on Your Self, what no Body else can give You; and wishing You Health and Prosperity, I omit to dwell upon some very late
Actions

The DEDICATION.

ACTIONS of Yours in Publick, which unhappy Prejudices made, as little expected from You, as the Zeal and Sollicitude which You shew'd for my private Interests in the Success of this PLAY. I shall say no more, trusting to the Gallantry of Your Temper for further Proofs of Friendship; and allowing You, like a true Woman, all the good Qualities in the World now I am Pleas'd with You, as well as I gave You all the ill One's when I was Angry with You: I remain with the greatest Truth,

S I R,

Your most humble,

most faithful, and

most oblig'd Servant,

De la Rivier Manley.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

I Cannot suffer this *P L A Y* to pass into the *World*, without expressing my Gratitude to the Ladies, who, in such a distinguishing Manner, graced and supported it. So much Beauty and good Nature, could not fail of rend'ring that Person happy, for whose Benefit they were employ'd : I think my self infinitely bless'd in their Smiles, since I can be sensible of no greater Glory than to hear, that I have had the Honour to Please Them.

TO tell the *World* that Mr. Booth and Mrs. Oldfield's Action was admirable, in the Parts of *LUCIUS* and *ROSALINDA*, is saying nothing New ; they are so us'd to Charm the Audience, and Delight the best Judges of the Theatre : However, I beg leave to make them my publick Acknowledgments, and to please my self with what I have heard reported of their Performance in this *P L A Y*, which is, That tho' they have
often

P R E F A C E.

often shin'd in several greater Parts, yet, none ever became them better. Mr. Booth's masterly and graceful ~~Action supported~~ **LUCIUS**; whilst Mrs. Oldfield's Charms, and enchanting Manner, gave Life and Beauty to the **QUEEN**.

PROLOGUE,

By Sir *RICHARD STEELE.*

NAT Lee, for *Buskins* fam'd, would often say,
To Stage-Success He had a certain Way ;
Something for all the People must be done,
And with some Circumstance each Order won ;
This He thought easy, as to make a Treat,
And, for a Tragedy, gave this Receipt.

Take me, said He, a Princess Young and Fair,
Then take a Blooming Victor flush'd with War ;
Let Him not owe, to vain Report, Renown,
But in the Ladies Sight cut Squadrons down ;
Let Him, whom they themselves saw win the Field,
Him to whose Sword they saw whole Armies yield,
Approach the Heroine with dread Surprise,
And own no Valour Proof against bright Eyes :

The

PROLOGUE.

*The Boxes are Your own — the Thing is hit,
And Ladies, as they near each other sit,
Cry, oh ! How movingly that Scene is writ ?
For all the Rest, with Ease, Delights you'll shape,
Write for the Heroes in the Pit, a Rape :
Give the First Gallery a Ghost ; on th' Upper,
Bestow, tho' at that distance, a good Supper.
Thus all their Fancies, working their own Way,
They're Pleas'd, and think they owe it to the Play.*

*But the Ambitious Author of these Scenes,
With no low Arts, to court your Favour means ;
With Her Success, and Disappointment, move,
On the just Laws of Empire, and of Love !*

PROLOGUE.

By a Young GENTLEMAN.

Spoken by Mr. Walker.

IN ancient Days (*the Time we do not know,*
It is so very, very long ago)
Envy was forc'd to lead an harmless Life,
To stay at home, a meer Italian Wife.
Wou'd ye believe it, Ladies? Tet, 'tis true,
She had not learn'd to Dress like One of You :
Nor did she then appear a thoughtless Beau,
Nor wore Cockades, nor into Armies go.
To Play-houses she ne'er presum'd to come,
And rarely visited the Drawing-room :
Ev'n Masquerades, where no One shews the Face,
Would not admit of Envy in the Place.

Ah ! happy Days, when Dulness fear'd no Lash,
The Author gave no Wit, yet got his Cash :
When an Attempt to Please, was taken well,
And, on weak Woman, never Critick fell.
But our new Taste, brings on a new Demand,
For Wit alone, at present, cannot stand ;

Tom

PROLOGUE.

*You must have Scandal, Politicks, and Traps,
To raise the Ladies Blush, and Footmens Claps.*

*What can poor We expect, in such a Case?
Dare English Tragedy plead Hopes of Grace?
No Party favour'd, no Designs in view,
To make Old Times, club Faction with the New.
No double soft Entenders to excite,
No Politicks to please the Wise to Night,
Such a dull Play, could any Modern write?*

*Alas ! we own the Allegation just,
But 'tis to You, the shining Fair we trust ;
As You are Fair, our Author hopes to find,
You can Forgive, and then You will be Kind.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Honorius, *King of Gallia,*
Vortimer, *Usurper of Britain,*
Lucius, *Prince of Britain,*
Arminius, *Prince of Albany,*
Prince of Cambria,
Sylvius, *Page to the Queen,*
An Alban Lord,

Mr. *Thurmond.*
Mr. *Ryan.*
Mr. *Booth.*
Mr. *Mills.*
Mr. *Bowman.*
Miss *Younger.*

W O M E N.

Rosalinda, *Queen of Albany and Aquitain,*
Emmelin, *Princess of Gallia,*
Irepe, *Lady to the Queen,*

Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Mrs. *Horton.*
Mrs. *Baker.*

Flamens, Guards, Soldiers.

Scene the Capital of AQUITAIN.

LUCIUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The *PALACE-GARDEN*.

Enter Lucius and Arminius.

Arm. **W**HY does the conqu'ring *Lucius* now despond ;
 Why does my Lord, with secret Sorrow mourn ;
 Why thus averse to every Sound of Joy ;
 When *Fortune* crowns you with her choicest Favours,
 Makes you the Soldiers Pride, and Wish of Beauty ?
 The coldest Maid that ever grac'd a Court,
 At your approach, drops all her haughty Airs ;
 New rolls her Eyes, new coins her Face in Smiles,
 And her long-practis'd Scorn is then no more.

Luc. O *Albany* ! I cannot bear thy search.

Arm. I must proceed, and name the beauteous Queen.

Luc. Ha ! say'st thou ? What of her, *Arminius* ?

Arm. The mourning *Rosalind* in Sorrow dress'd,
 Can charm beyond the gaudy Smiles of others !

Luc. I view, indeed, the captive Queen with Pity.

B

Arm.

Arm. My Friend, does she not rule thy Soul?

Luc. She does! she does! my charming Queen reigns here,
Triumphant in her native Throne, my Heart:-
Diffusive is her Sway, War yields to Love,
Nor know I any Wish, but for her Beauty.

Arm. Oh sure Despair, as certain Death for me! [*Aside.*]

Luc. Why sighs my Friend? Is she not heav'nly Fair?

Arm. Oh Guardian Powers of *Britain*! save him now,
Oh save the lovely Youth from pleasing Ruin!
Hast thou forgot? alas! the Queen's a Christian,
Apostate to our Altars, and our Worship.

Luc. In her alone all my Devotion centers;
My Heart (when I such wond'rous Charms survey)
In her adores the All-creating Power.
Nor can Perfections, great as hers, mislead;
She cannot be mistaken; cannot err:
Or if she cou'd, with *Rosalind* to err,
Were better than believing with another!

Arm. Beware the Mischiefs which attend her Love.
Thy Father, styl'd, the cruel King of *Britain*,
Is to the Christian Sect a most invet'rate Foe.

Luc. Love were not Love, cou'd it admit of Fear.

Arm. Think how, when Lord of *Verulam*, he slew
The good, the rightful Majesty of *Britain*;
Slew, at a peaceful Banquet, that brave Monarch.
The Queen (scarce up from Childbed of a Son,
Who soon expir'd) he forc'd to his loath'd Bed;
In hopes the Prince of *Cambria*, her Brother,
Wou'd prove a Friend, to his bold Usurpation:
And yet Heav'n smil'd upon the horrid Nuptials,
And bless'd the Tyrant with the God-like *Lucius*.

Luc. Tho' sprung from one, I have no Tyrant's Soul;
Am I to blame? Cou'd I direct my Birth?
Cou'd I concur to Be? Was the Choice mine?
My Mother early paid the Debt of Nature;
Of me she dy'd: may that atone the Crime
Of wedding with her Husband's Murderer.

Arm.

L U C I U S.

3

Arm. Still, there's a Secret will thy Hopes destroy,
Thy Father does himself the Queen adore ;
His Love began, soon after thou wert sent
To aid the *Gallick* King against his Brother.

Luc. O fatal War ! wou'd I had never seen it.

Arm. Thy Father, at a Royal Interview,
Receiv'd a Dart from *Rosalinda's* Eyes,
The beauteous Heiress of my Uncle's Crown,
Then to the King of *Aquitain* betroth'd :
He strove in vain to cross the promis'd Nuptials,
For his own Bed courting the destin'd Bride.
Long Enmity between the *Picts* and *Britons*,
Their native Hate, and Contract with *Otharius*,
Caus'd the Refusal of your Father's Suit.

Luc. The Fame of this Affront reach'd us abroad.

Arm. Love was the secret Motive of the War ;
Hence he invaded *Albany* with Fury :
And with my Uncle's Death the Slight reveng'd.
How has he gall'd the *Picts* with heavy Yokes !
How every Day oppress'd our conquer'd People !
How in these foreign Wars, and distant Climes
Forc'd us for him to carry hated Arms !
Eager to prosecute his furious Love,
He cross'd the Seas to make the Queen a Widow.
Too well his Chance in War succeeded here ;
Otharius, he was slain, and we the Victors.

Luc. This Morning with the *Gallick* King he comes
Triumphant o'er the Fate of *Aquitain*.

Arm. Soon as your conqu'ring Arms had forc'd this City,
With Orders I was sent to plead his Love :
But she, with Indignation, has refus'd him.
I dread to say, how ill I have succeeded.
His Tyrant Temper will not yield to Reason,
Nor can the Name of Son, abate his Rage.
Cure or conceal your Love, or you are lost.

Luc. Conceal my Love ? conceal a raging Fire,
Conceal the Blaze, when it invades the Sky :

As well unbounded Storms may be conceal'd.

Arm. Sure this Etherial Fire was struck by *Jove*.
 Oh no! the God of Love has greater force;
 He animates you thus; thus moves your Frame,
 And brings inimitable Graces with him.
 Feels not the Queen the Force of all those Charms?
 A Dawn of Joy breaks from her gath'ring Smiles,
 With all the Softness, which fore-runs her Sex's
 Yielding.

Luc. Ten Months I've offer'd ineffectual Vows;
 Ten Months pursu'd the Fair with ardent Love.
 No more — the Princess *Emmelin* appears:
 I'll go this very Hour, and urge my Fate;
 Ere my stern Father comes, I must be blest'd,
 Be ever blest'd, or else for ever wretched.
 Hasten all ye Loves, and Graces to my aid;
 Dwell on my Voice, and languish in my Eyes;
 Bright *Cytherea*, from thy Heav'n look down,
 Grant, *Venus*, grant, that I her Heart may move;
 For me thy Slave, make her thy Votary.
 Propitious now, thou shalt my Goddes be,
 And I'll Devote my happy Hours to thee. [Exit Luc.

Enter the Princess Emmelin.

Emm. I met the Prince — how has thy search succeeded?

Arm. Alas! too well.

Emm. And grows the Hero, *Lucius*, sick for Love?
 That stubborn Heart in Camps, and Slaughter bred,
 Unus'd to Beauty and its soft Delights?
 Oh Sympathy of Sex! oh Force of Nature!
 What haughty Victor stops not at thy Call?
 What Courage melts not at the sight of Beauty?
 Oh *Rosalind*! how glorious are thy Chains!
 How much superior to the Crowns of others!

Arm. As next of Kindred to the *Alban* Throne,
 Whilst none but elder Rivals had declar'd,

I had

I had some distant Hopes of being heard.

Emm. If I have Credit with the King, you shall;
We are my Brother's Captives, not the *Britons*.
But oh! what Hope hast thou to gain her Heart?
Where is the Hero, that dares rival *Lucius*?
At the young Warrior's Sight, each Virgin Breast
Throbs with an Extacy unutterable.

Scarce *Venus* feels more Transport in her Grove,
When kindling Wishes hurry on to Love.

Arm. I own the Danger of superior Charms;
I own, his Power and Valour, Youth and Form,
Are Rivals dreadful to my boldest Hopes:
And yet, in Counsel with my kinder Stars,
Cunning and Conduct may out-wit the Hero,
And aid my feeble Hand to reach his Heart.

Emm. Thou strik'st not there, *Arminius*; I oppose;
And, like his better Genius, guard the Warrior.
Know, I have seen him with indulgent Eyes;
As thou for *Rosalind*, I sigh for him.

Arm. Be he immortal then, as are your Charms,
Within that beauteous Empire ever safe.

Emm. Thou hast resolv'd his Fate, I read thy Soul,
This ten long Months I've study'd thy dark Breast
And know the Want of Vertue in thy Frame,
Which must subject thee to the Mind, that knows thee:
Wherefore, I left my Modesty a-while,
Reveal'd my virgin Love to guard its Object.

Honorius comes; with him the *British* King:
Protect my *Lucius* from his Father's Rage,
Or by our Nation's Gods, thy Queen shall know,
'Twas thy ill-fated Arm, which slew *Otharius*.

Arm. Why, with Reproaches, does your Highness load me,
For what to you alone I have disclos'd?
Is this the End of all your promis'd Favour?
That promis'd Favour, which upheld my Hopes.
Yet, wherefore shou'd I shrink at your reproach?
In Battle, bravely did I take his Life;

That

That bar to *Rosalinda's* Throne and Bed.

Emm. Spare but young *Lucius*; and your Secret's safe :
Nay, all that I can do to gain the Queen.

Arm. Well does the King your Brother love his Sister.

Honorius rules the Fate of *Rosalinda* :

Direct her to my Arms; and *Vortimer*
(Whose Ear I've gain'd by flatt'ring of his Love)
Shall give the Prince to yours.

Emm. Oh *Albany*! that soars above my Hopes,
My haughty Soul would not reveal its Weakness;
Yet something must be done, I'll think again.
But thou, my careful Genius, guard me well,
And thou, my Modesty, be faithful to me;
Heave not, my Bosom, when the Invader's nigh;
Throb not, fond Heart, to beat to him thy Secret:
My Eyes, take heed how ye my Pain express,
Strike not one Spark that may the Flame confess.
He can't despise, who does not know our Store:
'Tis proffer'd Love makes all our Beauties poor. [Exit *Emm.*

Arm. Ha, is it so? Princess I was to blame,
To think a Woman's Friendship void of Int'rest:
Th' Advances which she made, are now explain'd.
She watch'd Prince *Lucius* with a jealous Eye,
And taught ev'n me, first to suspect his Passion:
Be cautious of thy Fate! I fear her Cunning;
Guard thee my Heart, be wary of her search,
Else shalt thou never steer amidst these Dangers.

Enter Sylvius.

Oh Sister! I have News: The Prince of *Britain*
Adores the widow'd Queen of *Aquitain*.
Did thy soft Sex and Royal Blood descend
To wear the humble Habit of a Page;
To watch each lucky Minute of the Fates,
And let another blast thy Brother's Hopes?

Syl.

Syl. I love my Brother with a Sister's Love,
As much as e'er a Sister lov'd a Brother :
But when compar'd to what I feel for *Lucius*,
How weak, how lambent is the kindred Flame !
Then not for thee, but him, I left my Sex,
Left the gay Pleasures of the *British* Court,
Thus in a fervile Garb to follow *Lucius*,
To hear his Voice, and view his lovely Person :
For with the Dawn I took his Beauties in ;
The vital Air, the Sighs which first I breath'd,
Were all inform'd, were all inspir'd by *Lucius*.

Arm. Shall *Rosalinda* then possess thy Lover ?

Syl. Not till *Alenia* dies.

Arm. Earth, Hell and all aërial Dæmons join,
Join they with us, to blast his hated Passion.
Born on the Wings o'th' Wind, the Wizard *Alm'rin*,
Mighty in Spells, in Charms and Magick Lore,
From *Norway* came, to aid our hapless Loves.
Ten sleepless Nights in Magick Rites have past,
And thus, this Morn, he has our Doom pronounc'd ;
" Divide the Queen and *Lucius*, ye are blest,
" And in his Arms *Alenia's* Grief shall rest :
" For *Rosalinda* thou shalt sigh no more,
" If thou with her canst touch thy native Shore :
" But oh ! be swift, their stronger Stars may join ;
" Employ Force, Fraud : This Day and Night are thine.

Syl. The Fates are kind, their Oracle is good.

Arm. If Scruples weak and vain sway not thy Mind,
Alenia, we may yet be blest. Oh say,
Wilt thou unerring with thy Brother join,
In mutual Aid to gain our mutual Loves ?

Syl. Implicitly I will.

Arm. Give me thy Vow.

Syl. I swear to act in Concert with my Brother.

Arm. Hold'st thou thy Favour with the Queen ?

Syl. I do.

She calls me faithful Boy, the only one

Of all her vast Retinue she can trust.
 Embolden'd by this Grace, I told the Queen,
 There was a Prince, who always mourn'd her Fate,
 In Words so tender, with a Voice so sweet,
 I lov'd, yet griev'd to hear the moving Story.
 She ask'd me all transported, Is it *Lucius*?
 I sigh'd and paus'd, not daring then to name you.

Arm. Back dearest Maid, and watch their every Glance,
 Bring, me if possible, their very Thoughts;
 That all transparent I may view their Souls. [Exit *Sylvia*.
 Her Heart for *Lucius* touch'd! the Idol bleeds:
 Tho' tis not fit, this Girl shou'd know my Purpose.
 Arise Invention, aid my lab'ring Soul;
 Fair are all Ways, which carry to the Goal.

So, fir'd by *Venus* Son, the Thund'rer *Jove*,
 Of right regardless, rushes on his Love;
 By Fraud or Force he gains the Beauteous Prize,
 Tasting, in various Forms, as various Joys.
 Now, as *Alcmena's* Lord, their Bed he stains;
 Then *Spartan Leda*, like a Swan, he gains:
Europa by a lovely Bull's betray'd,
 And in a golden Show'r th' imprison'd Maid:
 A Dragon curls in bright *Olympia's* Arms,
 Nor can chaste Vows protect *Calisto's* Charms.
 Hence Men, by Fraud and Artifice, succeed;
 And *Jove's* Example justifies the Deed. [Exeunt omnes.

End of the First Act.

A C T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The *Queen* and *Irene*.

Irene. WHY does my charming Mistress thus devote
Her Beauty's Bloom to Sorrow, Sighs and Tears?

Que. My Husband slain, my Country made a Prey,
My Guards my Jaylors, ev'ry Room a Prison,
No faithful Servant left, but Thee and *Sylvius* :
The rest are Spies devoted to the Victors.

Ire. And yet those Victors come to break your Chains.

Que. Alas ! they come indeed, but 'tis in Triumph.
Honorius, call'd the Good, has well reveng'd
Th' unjust Attempt, which King *Otharius* made,
T'enlarge his Empire, at his Brother's Cost.
Compell'd to wed that most ambitious Prince,
I never knew one peaceful Hour in Marriage.
Honorius by his Death, the *Romans* vanquish'd,
Becomes the first sole Monarch of the *Gauls* :
A Widow I, without a Dow'r or Name ;
No more the Queen of *Albany* or *Aquitain*.

Enter Sylvius.

Syl. The Prince of *Britain*, to attend your Majesty.

Que. Against my self my rebel Passions arm ;
They bound within my Breast to meet this Victor.
Were not my Mind enslav'd, were that but free,
How could I brave my Chains ? how calm look down
On those lost Glories, which adorn a Crown ?

C

Enter

Enter Lucius. He kneels.

Why does the conqu'ring Prince of *Britain* kneel
To me, no more a Queen, a wretched Captive?
What wou'd my Lord? for I am all Confusion.

Luc. I beg a parting Audience, and alone.

Que. You, *Sylvius* and *Irene*, both withdraw.

Syl. I'll bring the Prince of *Albany* to part ye. (*Aside.*)

[*Ex. with Irene.*]

Que. Oh my Heart! — Sure, Sir, I heard you not aright.
Where next does the victorious *Lucius* shine?
And which the Kingdom mark'd for Desolation?

Luc. I wou'd, but oh! it dies upon my Tongue;
To my lov'd Queen, I wou'd discourse of Parting;
I wou'd discourse of Night, and horrid Gloom,
Of dismal Groans, and the deep Vault of Death;
And when the bitter Cup of Woe is full,
I'll sum it all in One, and call it Parting!

Qu. Beat gently, Heart — Who sends you hence my Lord?

Luc. That awful Virtue, which destroys my Hopes;
That chilling Coldness, which repels my Flame.
Henceforth the Joys of Life shall charm no more;
No more the dusty Field shall give delight,
Triumphant Laurels, or the Praise of Beauty:
These Robes I'll change to some poor Hermit's Weed;
And Herbs and Roots shall be my only Food,
My daily Thirst quench'd by some common Stream;
No Beam of Light to chear my dismal Cell,
But all be dark, and joyless as my Fortune.

Qu. Why chuse you these Extremes, my Lord?

Luc. A Convert to that Being, which you worship,
And which I with my pious Queen adore;
I am Christian, Follower of your Virtue.
At your Command, I've heard those holy Men,
By that good Prelate *Eleutherius* sent.
I've heard their Potent and Cœlestial Reasons:
Enlighten'd from above, my glowing Breast
Bids me undaunted own the sacred Faith,

Which

LUCIUS.

II

Which, when profess'd, I'll take my leave, for ever,
Of the too cruel *Alban* Queen, for ever!

Que. What, part, my Lord, when this exalted Change
(For which I bow to the informing Pow'rs)
Calls you, the first of Christian Kings, to shine
O'er all the Western World, like a bright Star,
To bless your People with eternal Knowledge?

Luc. For you, I quit the Hope of making Converts;
For you, resign the foremost Rank in Fame;
For you, I leave the Glories of a Crown.
I can no more support this wretched Being,
To see such Charms shine forth, but not on me.
Oh! think, how absolute my Rival is.
Can I from a stern Father's Force preserve you,
Unless you will descend to fix my Claim,
And let me call you mine, e're he arrive?

Que. How shall I teach my Tongue against my Heart?
[*Aside.*

Luc. Am I not worth a Word, the least Regard?
How many anxious Days, and sleepless Nights,
Have I devoted, to afflicted Beauty?
But she regardless, pities not my Pain,
Or she ungrateful triumphs in my Ruin:
Tho' I, for her, first felt the Sting of Passion,
First felt the Force of Charms, what strong Desires,
And eager Longings, are inspir'd by Beauty.

Qu. My suff'ring Heart, by Sorrow quite possess'd,
Can make no Room for any other Thought.

Luc. Oh, blest *Otharius*! happier in thy Death,
More happy than the living, hated *Lucius*.
Therefore, my Heart, be this thy last Effort;
Part, part, and die! — From those dear Eyes remove
This wretched Object of despairing Love.

Qu. We cannot, must not part. Ye mighty Pow'rs,
Tear not this only Good from my poor Heart.
Take all besides, leave me but him alone,
And I no more will think of Crowns and Empires.

Luc. Oh full Reward of all my former Pain!
Oppress'd, I faint beneath this Flush of Joy.
Oh Love, receive the Honour! thou hast bless'd me.
Alas my Queen! — she sinks — she faints — she dies!
My *Rosalind*, my Soul! return, return.

Come back my Love. Again she breaths — she lives!
The Roses gather to her Cheeks and Lips!
The kind'ling Fire is glimm'ring in her Eyes!
New Warmth, new Life, re-animates the Fair!
And with her living Beauties, I am bless'd!

Queen. Oh force of Modesty! oh force of Love!
'Tis fought, and thou hast gain'd the Victory.
The Struggles past; tho' vanquish'd, yet grown bold,
I must — I do declare — I cannot speak it:
Leave me to blush alone for this Confession.

Luc. Not 'till the holy Priest has join'd our Hands;
Oh, my fair Queen! — this Night must see me blest.

Queen. To Morrow, gentle *Lucius*!

Luc. Let those who set no Value on the Present,
With easy Idleness expect to Morrow.
Suppose the King, grown furious to possess,
Shou'd force you to his Bed, shou'd force his Joys;
As once he did my Royal suff'ring Mother.
A Captive you, oh how may you resist?
Think but of *Lucius* then, and his despair:
O think, my Queen! what I wou'd then exchange
For but a Moment of that precious Time,
You will not now employ?

The conqu'ring Monarch's come, I hear their Trumpets:
Oh sound! sound on! it is for *Lucius* Triumph.
Yield, yield my Fair, and all my Fears remove;
Quick to thy inmost Chamber, fly my Love,
Where binding Vows my lasting Truth shall prove.

Queen. But if the cruel King command my Death?
Swear, *Lucius*, at the Peril of thy Life,
To guard thy *Rosalinda's*.

Luc. I swear, my Queen, by Glory and by Love,
I will protect thee, tho' against my Father.

But now, my Fair, my circling Blood rebounds;
My lab'ring Heart, as in the Pangs of Death,
Beats an Alarm, and all the Passions answer:
I can no more: Impatient of delay,
The God of Love himself prepares the Way,
He brings us Joys, which never shall decay.
Joys! which the truly Constant only know,
Our All of Bliss, worth living for below.

}

Going, they are met by Emmelin and Arminius.

Arm. They love! they love! I read it in their Eyes,
Softness in hers, and Transport shine in his. [*Aside.*
Madam, the Princess *Emmelin* is come,
Mov'd by your Sorrows to entreat her Brother,
(Whose Captives the rough Chance of War has made ye)
That *Vortimer* may not dispose your Fate:
Shou'd the stern *Briton* get you in his Pow'r,
Our Hopes of freeing *Albany* were lost.

Enter Sylvius.

Syl. Oh! that unhappy *Sylvius*, to his Queen,
Shou'd be the Speaker of *Honorius's* Triumph!
The gaudy Chariots have discharg'd their Load,
And now, the Palace-hall receives the Monarchs.
I've seen the Prosp'rous laugh, the Wretched mourn;
These gracing their proud Victors gilded Wheels,
Are sent, for change of Woe, to groan in Dungeons.
How many *Alban*, *Gaul*, and *Roman* Chiefs,
The Relicts of *Otharius* Royal Pow'r,
Shall never, never see the Light again.
These Tears be witness, how I grieve their Fate:
Pardon this Tenderness. — The Kings have sent
To tell your Majesty, they wait for Audience.

Queen. Cousin of *Albany*, I pray attend them.
Fate, thou art busy now for *Rosalinda*.
I've but one dear Concern, one Wish in Life,

One

One secret Pain, or one important Joy,
 To make the Royal *Lucius* ever mine!
 Or else, ye Pow'rs, contract my narrow Span :
 From your Eternal Loom tear short my Thread ;
 I cannot taste of Happiness without him.

*Introduc'd by Albany and Train, Enter, in Triumph, Honorius
 King of Gallia, Vortimer King of Britain, Prince of Cam-
 bria, Attendants and Guards.*

K. Hon. Here let our Triumphs end ; you beauteous Queen,
 Enough have mourn'd a Royal Husband dead.
 My Brother, to encrease the Bless'd, is gone :
 Death has atton'd his breach of Royal Faith,
 And Time consents to mitigate your Sorrows :
 Let your sad Heart, at length, give Way to Joy.

Queen. I've all the Joy that my sad State can give,
 Since I was doom'd to Chains, that you're the Victor.

[K. Hon. and Emmelin embrace.]

K. Vor. When you appear, who can be call'd Victorious ?
 The Sun, that with diffusive Beams shines o'er
 The rolling Globe, to every Age a Wonder,
 Reigns not mere absolute, than do your Eyes.
 Like him, you rule with universal Sway,
 Like him, you conquer all — Rise, warlike *Lucius* ;
 We did expect an earlier Meeting from thee.

Luc. Great Sir, It was my Post to guard the Queen.

Pr. of Cam. My Nephew ! dearer than my Life !

Luc. My honour'd Uncle !

K. Vor. Oh *Albany* ! thou Partner of my Heart,
 The Charmer shines on us with stronger Glory,
 As she'd been gathering a fresh Stock of Brightness :
 How has our Suit succeeded ?

[K. Vortimer talks apart to Arminius, K. Honorius with Emmelin, whilst Lucius speaks aside to the Queen.]

Luc. After the Audience, where shall I be bless'd ?

Queen.

Queen. I am going to the Cell of *Fabianus*,
But trust not our important Fate to any.

K. Vor. What ! *Lucius* love the Queen : Belov'd of her ?
My Lord of *Albany*, you have our Thanks.
We have to offer to thee, King *Honorius*,
That which may make our League inviolable.

K. Hon. To which, great Prince, we gladly shall accord.

K. Vor. When we had scarcely tasted Royal Pow'r,
The Sweets of Empire, or our Consort's Charms,
We left our Crown and Queen, to aid this State :
Six Years were wasted in the *Gallick* War,
Without re-visiting our native Coast.
By us, and our brave Troops, thy Father vanquish'd,
And drove the *Roman* Tyranny away.
The *Romans* ! who had, since great *Cæsar's* Conquest,
Left ye but Titular Kings, and *Gaul* a Province.

K. Hon. I have heard the Obligation.

K. Vor. After his Death, the warlike Prince your Brother,
Deem'd *Aquitain* too small a Share of Empire ;
With hostile Arms he enter'd your Dominions,
And took you unprepar'd ; the Field he won,
Subdu'd your strongest Cities in your Sight :
Till braving foamy Seas, and winter Storms,
In spight of Winds, or adverse Deities,
Lucius transported to your Shore our Aid.

K. Hon. All this I thankfully remember.

K. Vor. Without a Rival now, you fill the Throne ;
Nay more, have join'd your Brother's Crown to yours.
If this, to our victorious Arms be due ;
Say, happy Monarch, what may he expect ;
By whom you wear these Benefits ?

(ask ?

K. Hon. Speak, King of *Britain*, what is't thou wou'd'st

K. Vor. For all our Toils in War, our Soldiers Loss,
Our friendly lavish waste, of Blood and Treasure,
We ask the Captive Queen ; that she, this Night,
Set forward, where our Royal Navy rides ;

So.

So to be wafted o'er to *Britain's* Shore,
With Honour.

Queen. Oh Brother! let me lowly thus entreat,
That I may answer this Tyrannick King:
With his great Merit, how are you upbraided?
He has recited all his warlike Deeds,
To make Impression on your grateful Heart.
But Sir! consider, I'm a Queen, was doubly Crown'd:
By Birth and Marriage, I am twice a Sovereign.
Think whose I was — Oh! pity Kindred Grief,
And Royal Woes! Mine's not a vulgar Fate,
To be weigh'd out by ev'ry common Hand,
Or at a Moment's Call, to be determin'd.

K. Vor. What Phantoms, what Illusions, beauteous Queen,
(By melancholy Vapours fed) affright you?
Were *Cæsar* yours, and all that vast Dominion
Of which he once could call himself the Lord,
Less sure, less absolute wou'd be your Sway,
Than now in *Britain*.

Queen. In Death, I may possess an ample Pow'r:
'Tis there that I must follow, when thou lead'st.
I had a Father, 'till thy cruel Thirst
Of Blood and Empire left him but a Name.
I had a Husband too, of Kingly Sway:
Now made an helpless Orphan, and a Widow:
My Country seiz'd, my noble Friends enslav'd,
Groaning in Dungeons, courting Death in vain:
The next is mine, my Fate may be the last.
In me thy Tyranny will be accomplish'd.

K. Vor. In you the War; in you what's dreadful ends;
The Prison-Doors fly open, as you pass;
And the despairing Captive drops his Chain:
No more your *Albans* shall be counted Foes,
But with our *Britons* equally esteem'd.

Emm. Let me entreat, great Sir, you'd not insist
So soon upon the mourning Queen's departure.

Vor. Long since, our Adoration has been fix'd

On an inexorable haughty Fair,
Which has deferr'd the Homage due to you;
But *Lucius* shall atone — our Son, draw near.

Emm. What means the King? — oh my disorder'd Heart!

Luc. What would my Royal Father?

K. Vor. Of what I wish, great Sir, be this the Cement,
And this between us be our Pledge of Peace.

Lucius, my Son, the Hopes and Heir of *Britain*,
I give to the fair Princess *Emmelin*,
To be her happy Lord.

K. Hon. With the same View, I give the Royal Bride:
To Morrow, see their Happiness compleat.

Next, let us seek to sooth this lovely Mourner:
Nor should'st thou, King of *Britain*, bar our Justice.

The Queen was not a Warrior, like her Lord,
Nor Partner of his Arms, or his Injustice:
Wherefore, we have resolv'd, she shall be free.

Madam, this Moment gives you Liberty;
And, as our Brother's Royal Dowager,
You've leave to sojourn in our Court at Pleasure.

Emm. For this, the mighty Gods reward the King.

Arm. And may he meet no Hour of new Distress.

Queen. May Fortune here fix her inconstant Wheel,
And never know a Change to your Dishonour.

K. Vor. That she is free, is what my Soul design'd:
But oh! I wish'd it not another's Gift.

Ungrateful King, when thy last Stake was set,
And Fortune threw the Dye of War against thee;
Did we not send thee, *Lucius*, at thy Call?

Lucius! who made the haughty *Roman* tremble,
And chac'd him from the liquid Fence of *Britain*:

We follow'd, to retrieve thy lost Affairs,
When pale Despair fill'd thy distracted Court,

And the bright Goddess, *Victory*,
Sought to espouse thy Brother.

K. Hon. Why do'st thou stain the Service with Reproaches?
What thou hast done, was like a Monarch done,

As we had done for thee, if thou had'st needed.

K. Vor. Madam, I take my leave; false King beware;
Revenge but nods, 'till it can safely rouse;
And then, unthankful Monarch, thou sha't find
An injur'd Briton's Rage. Attend us *Albany*.

[*Ex. K. Vort. and Arm.*]

K. Hon. Lead to the Temple, there to thank the Gods,
For Peace, the sweet Reward of Victory.

He, who is truly call'd his Country's Lord,
The End obtain'd, with Joy returns the Sword;
Superior to the Glories of the Field,
He makes the Hero to the Patriot yield;
Forms, on his People's Good, the King's Renown,
And quits the Laurel, for the Olive Crown.

[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*]

Luc. Whilst, after all these Storms, I seek for Rest
In the safe Harbour of my Charmer's Breast;
Tho' foamy Billows threaten from afar,
And gath'ring Clouds proclaim the watry War;
Tho' Waves around me dash, and Tempests roar,
I'll perish in the Deep, or gain the wish'd-for Shore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King Vortimer and Arminius.

K. Vor. [Charms,
WHat Pow'r, to awe the Mind, have Womens
 Make the Bold fearful, and the Coward brave!
 Unequal to the fawning Task, our Age
 Begins too late to learn the Trade of Courtship;
 Too late to study Flattery and Praise,
 Or how, with Snares and Art, to catch the Sex.

Arm. Deal we like Statesmen, for a while, in Cunning;
 Your End but gain'd, no Matter what the Means:
 If once the Queen be parted from the Prince,
 The Lustre of a Crown will soon efface
 Th' Impression made upon a Woman's Heart.

K. Vor. Instruct us how, since the ingrateful *Gaul*,
 In spite of our Desert, has dar'd to free her.

Arm. Lend me your Guards, and strait prepare a Ship
 Well-mann'd, and fitted to the nearest Port;
 I'll tell the Queen of Dangers imminent,
 Of Plots and Treason in this Court against her.
 Nay more, that *Albany* is up in Arms,
 And ready to receive her, as their Queen.
 Your faithful Creature, when she's once embark'd,
 Dares answer with his Head, to land her safe
 (Swift as the Winds and Waters will permit)
 On *Britain's* Shore.

K. Vor. How shall I praise thy Care?
 Who serves my Heart, does more than serve my Crown:
 A nearer, dearer Interest by far.

Arm. Give then immediate Orders for our flight,
 Left *Lucius*, young and lucky, shou'd prevail,
 And *Rosalind* be made the Prince's Bride.

K. Vor. Perish the Thought. *Lucius*, no more my Son:
 For him I have decreed another Nuptial:
 He cannot, shall not dare to rival me.
 Nature wou'd plead, in vain, against my Rage.
 Within this Breast, a Power superior sway,
 And Nature's self, the Laws of Love obeys:
 Nor Floods nor Flames can stop his head-long Course;
 Ev'n Tyrants yield to more Tyrannick Force. [Ex. K. Vor.
Arm. Our warlike *Pilts*, in Arms will aid our Claim,
 And, with unbounded Joy, receive their Queen.
 Oh *Almerin*, thus far Success attends us.
 Tyrant, 'tis just, I shou'd thy Hopes elude:
 Whilst thou shalt vainly look for us in *Britain*,
 With thy own Sails we gain our native Coast.
 But how shall this proud Dame be wrought to fly?
 She'll not, with Ease, consent to part from *Lucius*.

Enter Sylvius.

Syl. My Lord, the Queen's return'd, and the Prince with her.

Arm. Where did he meet her, *Sylvius*?

Syl. I do not know, my Lord.

She always goes in private to the Cell,
 Whilst I, altho' her Fav'rite, am excluded there.

Arm. Oh Jealousy! thou Torment of the Mind,
 How, in a Moment, art thou enter'd here?
 My Breast, my inward Soul is glowing hot,
 It burns, it rages with devouring Fires.

Syl. My Lord, what means this most unwonted Rage?

Arm. Alas! do'st not thou see the Queen is wedded?
 This last sad Hour has ruin'd us for ever.
Lucius was wanting at the Temple Rites:
 Oh Fate! where cou'd he be, but with the Queen?
 And she was praying with her trusty Priest.
 But if, indeed, thou'rt wedded to my Love,
 Rival! thou bed'st her not, whilst I am living.

Syl.

Syl. Sleep yet our Rage, and hear what I have done :
Irene says, the Queen preserves the Sword
 Found in *Otharius's* Body, when he fell.

Arm. In this distracted State of our Affairs,
 'Tis all that Heav'n cou'd grant.
 Wedded ! Married !
 O ! who can know the double Heart of Woman ?
 If e'er the Sex be true,

'Tis in an early Bloom, before the Mind
 Perceives the Warmth of Love, the Taint of Wishes :
 Then they'll, at Will, ensnare, betray, destroy !
 What motly Changes, do their Faces wear !
 How far from Sight, lie their deceitful Souls !

Syl. You'r blind with Rage : I pray behold this Letter,
 'Tis most exactly like the Queen's own Writing ;
 Scarce to be known by him, who taught us both.

Arm. 'Tis very like.
 The Queen her self, can scarce this Hand disown.
 On the Success of this, this and the Sword,
 Thine and thy Brother's Fortune hangs.

Syl. But if the Prince shou'd kill me ?

Arm. Fear not, I'll guard thy Life with mine.

Syl. Or the Queen find the Cheat ?

Arm. Suppose she shou'd ?

She knows thee only as her Page, as *Sylvius* :
 Not for *Alenia*, whom she thinks in *Britain*.
 Remember *Almerin* !

Can'st thou fear ought, but losing of thy Lover ?
 She comes ! my Rival too ! oh hated Name !
 I'll rally my disorder'd, scatter'd Thoughts,
 And then return with Arms for his Destruction. [Ex. omnes.

Lucius enters, leading the Queen.

Luc. Sure, my fair Queen, when Hearts, like mine, have
 The Summit of their Hopes, the Height of Bliss (touch'd
 Collected all within, they find the Joy

Too

'Too big to be express'd ! but thus to speak,
But thus to tell thee of thy Husband's Transport !

Queen. Oh that these Raptures cou'd for ever last !
Oh changing Deity ! oh fickle Love !

Why are thy Joys not permanent, as great ?

Luc. In thee for ever blooming, ever young,
'Thou great Renewer of the Spring of Love !
'Thou everlasting Charmer ! in thy Arms,
Tho' Ages hence, those distant happy Hours
Will seem, but as the first transporting Moment.

Queen. Great Love, how arbitrary is thy Sway !
How do'st thou give such Harmony to Words !
My Coldness all dissolves upon the Sound :
With conscious rising Warmth, my Bosom glows
To meet thy Voice, thy Breath, thy melting Touches !

Luc. What hinders me to bear my yielding Fair,
This blissful Moment, to the Royal Bed ?
There where the Sun, in all his gaudy Round,
Shall not behold a Man so blest'd as *Lucius*.

Queen. Loose me, my Lord, or we are all undone :
Our Secret told, and both the Kings inform'd.
At the first Fall of Night, *Irene* shall admit thee,
Without the Knowledge of another Creature.

Luc. Mean time, my Queen, I'll wander in the Grove,
And count the Minutes of expecting Love :
On fragrant Banks I'll lay me wishing down,
And rave on Joys, which thou, anon, sha't crown :
For oh ! 'tis Pain to see, and own such Charms,
And be delay'd the Blessing of thy Arms.
To pause on Beauty, when Desires are high ;
And only gaze, when we shou'd all enjoy.

*Lucius leads the Queen to the Scene ; returning, is met by
Arminius.*

Arm. 'Tis you, my dearest Lord, I have been seeking :
I come to rail against the faithless Sex :

I wou'd

I wou'd inveigh against inconstant Charms,
Against the flatt'ring Gales, and changing Winds;
Against the *April*-Season of the Year;
Against false Hopes, false Vows, and falser Beauty.

Luc. *Arminius* thus concern'd! thus strangely mov'd!
Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Looks.
What mean'st thou, *Albany*, strait let me know?
Depend upon thy Friend, upon his Love.
Thou'rt next of Kindred to our charming Queen;
And hast a double Title to our Service.

Arm. Behold, my Lord, and view me, as a Lover:
As One who, long, has worn the Victor's Chain:
As One who, once, did think himself belov'd:
But oh! no sooner did Temptation come,
But the Fair false One, broke her promis'd Faith,
And publickly exchang'd me for another.

Luc. The common Frailty of the Sex.

Arm. To pity me, oh! make the Case your own.
Give me some Time for Tears. Suppose your Hopes
By mutual Love, by mutual Transports fir'd!
Just in the wish'd-for Moment of Possession,
When ev'ry eager Pulse beat high with Joy,
And her dear Heart ready to joyn in Rapture;
Then! then to find a rival Youth preferr'd,
Wou'd'st thou not groan? Wou'd'st thou not weep like me?

Luc. Why do'st thou pause?

Arm. The Queen! alas!

Luc. Immortal Powers! what Queen?

Arm. The faithless Queen of *Albany*.

Luc. 'Tis impossible! Do'st thou adore her?

Arm. Too fatally, I did.

Luc. 'Twas wronging me; when I had own'd my Flame.

Arm. Long, long before she left the *Alban* Court,
The Virgin Charmer's Vows were mix'd with mine.
False from her Youth, she broke her early Faith:
Soon as her Father had his Choice declar'd,
With easy Resignation, she became

The

The Royal Bride of *Aquitain*.

Luc. Go on, I'll hear thee out with Patience.

Arm. What Wretch like me, so doating, or despairing!

I fought in War, as one who long'd to die:

Your self can witness how I valu'd Danger.

Otharius slain, and free to choose again:

What said she not for her late Breach of Faith?

How did she swear she ne'er had ceas'd to Love!

That I was dearer to her than the Light;

But in the tend'rest Moment of her Vows,

The Wand'rer stray'd again, and I was lost.

Luc. Oh Heav'n and Earth! sure I can bear no more!

Arm. Of your great Merit, jealous, I prevail'd,

And from your self drew the abhor'd Confession.

I warn'd you of the Danger, but in vain:

I durst no more, as tender of her Fame,

As willing yet to doubt of my Misfortune.

For when I but reproach'd the wav'ring Fair,

She us'd such various soothings to my Mind,

Such Vows, that *Lucius* ne'er had spoke of Love,

That scarce was it a Merit to believe her:

Thus was my easy Faith abus'd.

Luc. What Proof hast thou of this?

Arm. Oh! I had ev'ry Proof: Her Virgin Heart,

Her speaking Eyes, her Lips, her charming Tongue;

And the pale Queen of Night (on flow'ry Banks,

Whilst we invok'd her Beams) beheld our Loves.

Each happy Moment witness'd to our Joys,

True Emblems of the Sex, and her frail Vows.

For as the Moon so wean'd her fickle Passion,

The fleeting Moments bore her Truth away,

And only I am left to speak her Falsehood;

An hated Evidence of broken Faith.

And yet some Proof remains;

This Bracelet's of her Hair, wove with her Hand,

Which, to the Present, gave a double Value:

View well the Clasp, see her fair Self enshrin'd,

[Pulls a Brace-
let from his
Arm.

The

The Altar where my constant Vows I paid :
These were the Gifts she gave me with her Heart.
Why do I still such worthless Toys retain,
When the chief Jewel is recall'd ?

Why yet (as sacred Relicks of our Love)
Worship the Shrine of an apostate Fair ?
Hence, vain Remembrancers of past Delight,
I'll tread you into Dust ; live, live no more !
Her faithless Charms shall be rever'd no more !

[Stamps upon the
Bracelet and Pi-
aure.

Luc. Why do'st thou tell, and shew these Things to me ?

Arm. That you may lead me thro' the wand'ring Maze ;
That you may give me present Death, or Ease.
By those true Tears, that truest Lovers shed ;
By all the Sweetness of *Rosalinda's* Arms :
Have pity on my Royal Birth and Suff'rings :
Confess what I alas ! too much suspect ;
Confess, you do succeed me in her Favour :
That I may wander to the utmost Verge ;
That ceasing to esteem, I may despise,
And ne'er regret, nor see the Bliss I lost.

Luc. But that thy Breath has tainted her clear Fame,
I shou'd, with Pride, allow my self the Man,
On whom the beauteous *Rosalind* has smil'd.

Arm. Then all is over : I've no more to manage.
Take, take that Letter, which has rack'd my Soul ;
It could be only writ by her to *Lucius*,
And yet (prepost'rous Weakness of the Mind)
So much, so blindly 'twas, I lov'd the Queen,
That tho' I saw the false One's Name and Hand,
My doubting Soul wou'd scarce my Eyes believe :
In Triumph bear it to her, and reproach
For me, the Heart of faithless *Rosalinda* :
She ne'er shall see the lost *Arminius* more.

Luc. Yet stay, and tell me where thou had'st this Letter.

Arm. I found it in the Lodgings :
Tho' not inscrib'd to you, I thought it yours,
Because writ by the Queen.

E

Luc.

Luc. And yet, as sure as 'tis her Character,
'Twas not address'd to me.

Lucius reads the Letter.

" I Will retire, this Evening, into the Grove: Do you,
" my Love, attend me there, and destroy this Note
" at the Command of

ROSALINDA.

Sylvius enters, he kneels.

Syl. Most mighty Lords, I beg you on my Knees,
If Tears, Youth, Innocence can move your Pity,
Restore that sacred Letter you were reading:
From me, heedless, it drop'd; wild with the Loss,
Around the Court I've wept, and sought in vain,
With utmost Care and Diligence to find it.
Should the Queen know it, I were lost for ever.

Luc. To whom is it address'd?

Syl. My Lord!

Luc. To whom wert thou to carry it?

Syl. Alas! I understand you not my Lord.

Luc. Young Traytor speak, or die.

Syl. Oh Heav'ns! what shall I say? It is my own:
A Favour of the Queen's bestow'd on me.

Arm. Is this the Ground of her Excess of Grace?
This the true Motive of her wond'rous Kindness?
The faithful *Sylvius* prov'd a Minion.

Luc. Now, where are those Delights, my Passion form'd?
Those Scenes of Bliss, which Beauty set before me,
So hard to gain, and yet so quickly lost?
O that bright Mind (for so it seem'd to me)
Where Purity, and all the Vertues dwelt,
As at their native Home: How tarnish'd, now
Despoil'd of Lustre; hateful to the Sight?
Farewel, enchanting Sex; false are your Joys:

Delu-

Delusion all ; no Happiness is in you.
 Not one was ever True, since She cou'd fall :
 Ne'er shall my Peace of Mind return to bless me :
 My Royal Father's Favour I have lost,
 Renown'd, till now, for Piety and Duty.
 I broke those filial Bars for faithless Love ;
 I've chang'd a Parent's Blessing into Curses ;
 My Fame has taken Wing, and flies before me ;
 My Glory's blasted ; all my Lawrels wither ;
 And nothing now remains for me, but Vengeance
 On her — on him — on them — on all, who wrong'd me.
 Dye Slave ! and boast it in another World —

Arminius, why do you oppose me ?

Arm. Were such a Wretch an Object fit for Rage,
 My self, as most abus'd, wou'd end him.

Luc. He shall not 'scape with Life.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. Sure, 'tis the Prince of Britain's Voice.
 Alas ! against my faithful Boy his Sword.
 Is this well done, my Lord ?
 Or know ye not, that he is mine ?

Luc. Too well, too well ! I know thy Shame and mine.

Arm. Now *Fortune* work : It must be all Confusion. [*Aside.*]

Luc. Unworthy of my Truth, or Tendernefs !
 Think not of *Lucius* more, nor I of *Rosalind*.
 Mountains fall down, yawn wide thou Earth between us ;
 With molten Waves roll up ye sulph'rous Lakes.
 Divide us Earth and Seas.
 Let all Antipathies be reconcil'd,
 But ne'er the Queen of *Albany* to *Lucius* !

[*Ex. Luc.*
 (Pow'rs ?

Queen. Oh Heav'ns and Earth ! what can he mean, ye
 Or said he not, that we must meet no more.

Arm. Now, who shall dare to tell the Queen ?

Queen. Alas ! whence can proceed this sudden Change ?

My Lord of *Albany*, you are our Kinsman,
 And *Sylvius*, thou art of our Household sworn :
 By that Allegiance that is due to us,
 We charge ye speak, or see our Face no more.

Syl. Perish the Tongue, that gives my Mistress Pain,

Queen. Speak Wretch, or by the Power that governs all,
 Thou'rt, from our Royal Presence, banish'd ever.

Arm. When I by cruel *Vortimer* was sent ;
 First sent to court you to his curs'd Embrace,
 What said you not against the Tyrant's Love ?
 Which I but urg'd, to prove your Strength of Mind :
 For know, young Queen, your Father's Ghost wou'd rise,
 Leaving immortal Peace, and the blest'd Shades
 With horrid Screams, to fright your impious Bed,
 If e'er his Murderer should clasp you there.

Queen. Shield me, ye Pow'rs, from *Vortimer's* curs'd Love.

Arm. But not his Son's ? Confession most abhor'd !
 The Queen, with Guilt, turns pale. Oh beauteous Frailty !
 How hard below it is to find Perfection.
 Antipathy to all the hated Race
 Shou'd work your Blood in Agonies against 'em.

Queen. You are too bold, uncall'd, thus to advise ;
Lucius most free, from his bad Father's Crimes,
 Shou'd not, in Justice, suffer for another.

Arm. With my dear Uncle's Death I do not charge him ;
 On *Vortimer* the weighty Vengeance fall !
Lucius has Guilt of an inherent Dye :
 Crimes all his own, which Nature most abhors ;
 Such as must bar him from your Arms for ever.

Queen. Now all that's blest'd forbid it ! [*Aside.*

Arm. Madam, draw near : With stedfast Eyes behold
 The Handle of this Sword ; survey it well ;
 The high Ennamel, where the curious Workman
 Has cast, in Miniature, your Father's Form ;
 Which, with the Jewels that enrich the Gift,
 He gave me on that memorable Day,
 When I attended you to *Aquifain*.

Queen.

Queen. I well remember it ; most precious Relick,
The Representative of my dear Father.

Alas, alas ! how ye recal my Woes :
How ye awake that killing Pain, that Grief
Which Time, in part, had hush'd.

Arm. If for my Uncle thus, what for *Otharius*,
By whom you were so ardently belov'd ?
But now prepare your Courage for the Shock.
Prince *Lucius* beg'd this fatal Sword of me :
What can a vanquish'd Man refuse the Victor ?
Tho' high as Life, I priz'd the dear Remains,
Yet I was forc'd to give it, on that Morn,
When last our Army fought with your *Otharius*.

Queen. Ha ! whither is he going ?

Arm. I, thro' the bloody Field, with this brave Youth,
Mov'd, fighting, by the warlike *Lucius* side,
But his immortal Deeds can scarce be told :
Let it suffice, he met the fated King,
The Royal Majesty of *Aquitain*.
Some moments Fortune held an equal Scale,
Which soon inclin'd to the young *Briton's* Side ;
Thro' the King's Heart he thrust this *Alban* Sword :
Sylvius and I, the dreadful Deed beheld ;
The Sword was broke in two ; this Piece with him,
The other in the Wound remain'd.

Queen. Oh heav'nly Powers !

Arm. The Victor charg'd us to conceal the Fact,
Lest *Vortimer* (grown jealous of his Glory)
Shou'd think he had perform'd too well.

Queen. Alas ! no more. I am a Wretch, *Arminius*,
Why told'st thou not thy happ'less Queen before ?
Where was thy Duty, thy Allegiance then ?
Thou shou'd'st have shewn my Husband's Murd'rer,
That I, with detestation, might have shun'd him.
Fatal Neglect ! Oh Knowledge found too late !
Unhappy Ignorance ! accursed Bride,
Never till now undone !

Arm.

Arm. Beholding you, Prince *Lucius* grew inflam'd,
Which, of the Secret, made him doubly careful.
Long, with a painful Silence, I oblig'd him :
Long labour'd 'twixt my Friendship and my Duty :
At last, grown big with our approaching Hopes
(The *Picts* being up in Arms, and wanting Aid)
Duty prevail'd ; for I was bound to speak,
Your Page attended with the Sword, the Prince
(Coming from you) perceiv'd it in his Hand,
And conscious where it was design'd, drew his
(With many foul Reproaches) on the Boy.
I interpos'd : Your Majesty appear'd,
When *Lucius*, fill'd with jealous Rage, departed.

Queen. The World's united Woes are in this Breast :
And yet, perhaps, *Arminius* is mistaken.
Nay, King *Otharius* too, fought in disguise :
Six were alike him arm'd ; twas One of them.
I have a Proof: *Irene*, bring the Sword,
Found in the murder'd Body of my Lord :
If they shou'd join, *Lucius* and I must part.

Arm. Dear prosp'rous Mischief, lag not now behind ;
And then, oh *Almerin* ! the Race is mine. [*Aside.*]

Queen. And yet it cannot be, my search rest here.
Impossible ! Fate cannot be so angry.
I will not put it to the dreadful Test.

Arminius does, oh Heav'n ! I can no more.
Perish all Demonstration ! unkind,
And cruel Prince ! oh ! why do'st thou destroy me ? [The Sword
brought and
join'd.]
And arm *Otharius* to my *Lucius* Ruin.
My living Husband's vanish'd by the Dead.
My Lord, my *Lucius*, see thy wretched Bride,
The most forlorn, disconsolate of Women :
I am his Wife, *Arminius*.

Arm. Forbid it *Hecate*, with all her Train :
Incessant Furies yell around such Nuptials :
Catch his deceitful Soul, ye bluest Plagues :
Snatch him by Piecemeals, ye avenging Fiends.

Treason and Death ! oh impious Parricide !

What ! wed *Otharius* Murderer ?

Possess'd by one, steep'd in your Husband's Blood.

Queen. I sink — the most unhappy of my Race.

Come near, my *Sylvius* ; I wou'd rest upon thee :

Nay, *Albany*, thou art too good :

Wilt thou weep too ?

Arm. These bitter Tears, by Strength of Anguish wrung,
Prove, how *Arminius* loves his happ'less Queen.

'Tis I must guard you from impending Ruin :

Lucius has Charms to sway the strongest Mind :

Fly the Seducer, and assert your Glory.

Take Scorpions to your Bed, but take not *Lucius*.

Lucius ! triumphant in his Sin, all gay in Blood ;

Dreadfully gay with your dear Husband's Blood :

Unprecedented Horror ! fly to Death,

But mingle not with him who slew your Lord :

Light up your Torch at any other Love,

None are debarr'd your Arms, but that curs'd Race

Who murder'd poor *Otharius*, and your Father.

Queen. Thus greatly Wretched, what can save thy Queen ?

Arm. Your *Albans* are already up in Arms ;

Sieze on this moment, and be yet a Queen ;

A vertuous, innocent, tho' wretched Queen.

A Guard and Ship stand ready for your Flight,

Whilst, on this Royal Hand, once more I swear,

Only to live, only to die for you. [Kneels, kissing her Hand.

Enter Lucius behind.

Luc. How wildly are we hurry'd by our Passions !

I was to blame not to explain my Wrongs,

And tell the false One all her Perjuries.

Confront her with her Minion, and the Letter,

Till she confess our Parting is but just.

Ha ! what do I see ? the faithless *Rosalind*,

On one reclin'd, the other at her Feet.

What,

What, have they bargain'd to divide her Favours?

Queen. Yes, I will go, lest Fate should join with Love,
Lest I shou'd wound *Otharius* o'er again,
Lest I shou'd view his Murd'rer with Indulgence ;
Lead, lead, *Arminius*,

I'll follow thee, surrounded with Misfortunes.

Ha! *Lucius* here! that bloody Conqu'ror, *Lucius*.

Save me, *Arminius* ; take me from his Sight :

My Eyes! my Soul is fast'ned! tear me hence ;

Bear thy lost Queen, where Tempests loudest roar,

And never let me see the cruel *Lucius* more.

[*Ex. all but Lucius.*

Luc. Curs'd Weakness of the Mind, which brought me back,

Hence tender Thoughts, hence all Remains of Love ;

Hence Jealousy, thou certain Proof of Passion.

Of Hope and Tendernefs henceforth disarm'd,

My Breast shall pant no more for faithless Beauty ;

No more for perjur'd Woman let us mourn,

To War, to Glory! now my Heart return.

So great *Ulysses*, sooth'd by *Circe's* Charms,

Sigh'd on her Breast, and melted in her Arms.

What wond'rous Transports did her Eyes inspire?

Soft was her Voice, and raging was his Fire :

But when he found her false and cruel Soul,

And in a Form so fair, a Mind so foul ;

With Glory and Disdain the Hero burn'd,

Broke her Enchantments, and the Sex he scorn'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A FOREST.

Enter Lucius alone.

Luc. **H**A I L to the savage Horrors of this Forest!

Receive into thy hospitable Arms,
The wretched, and forsaken *Lucius*;
Driv'n from the Commerce of all human Kind,
And never to return.

Oh impious Woman! on thy nuptial Day,
Ev'n on that Day, in which thy Faith was plighted,
To fly, and leave me in the last Despair.

All Joys farewell: The Blossom of my Youth,
Blighted by an unkindly, cruel Frost,
Shall never spring again.

Press'd by this Weight of Woe, I bend to Earth,
From thence to rise no more.

In Wilds and Desarts waste my future Hours,
Falling, inglorious, by a Woman's Falshood.

Farewel my People, whom I wish'd to bless,
With all those Vertues that best Kings possess;
My Fame, my Passion, and my Hopes resign'd,
With that exalted Ardor of the Mind,
Which swell'd my Soul, and made it greatly dare,
And, dauntless, bore me thro' the fiercest War;
In their cold Bed, unanimated lie,
And like extinguish'd Fires in darkness die.

[Walks down the Scene, and Exit.]

F

Enter

Enter, at another Door, Arminius and Sylvius.

Arm. Sylvius, thus far our Fortune has been fair,
But I grow jealous of a Counter-turn.
Methinks the Captain who commands the Guard,
Has much of *Vortimer*, the cunning Briton;
I more than fear, it is the King himself:
The Care he takes to shun my Speech and Eyes:
I'm caught in the same Net I cast for others.

Enter an Alban Lord.

Alb. Lord. My Lord, 'tis certainly the King of *Britain*,
He bears the Royal Signet on his Finger:
The Queen, and you, and we are now his Captives.

Arm. Shall *Rosalinda* know this fatal Turn?
It will too much her tender Heart affright;
My Resolution must be very sudden.
The *Gallick* King hunts near, I'll hasten thither;
His Guards are thrice more numerous than ours:
Sylvius, mean time, do thou the Queen amuse.
'Till I return, my Lord, oppose their Flight;
She is our Sovereign, thou art born her Subject:
All's now at stake; kill him, or fall thy self. [Ex. omnes.

Enter King Vortimer.

K. Vor. What does *Arminius* mean, by halting here?
With Eyes that darted strong, he view'd me o'er,
As he wou'd look me through.
If thou hast found, and yet avoid'st me, Prince,
'Tis Proof thy Soul had form'd an Enterprize,
To what thou did'st pretend most opposite.
I durst not yield a Foe so large a Trust;
'Twere weak, indeed, to put it in his Pow'r,

The

The Queen to bear away with our own Ships,
To raise a War in *Albany* against us.
Therefore, like *Jove*, disguis'd to gain our Love,
We veil our Majesty, and drop our Thunder.
The Queen appears! that glorious Prize is mine.

Enter the Queen.

Madam, forgive this seeming bold Intrusion,
'Till once embark'd, your Majesty's not safe.
Why do you squander Time irrevocable?

Queen. *Arminius* wou'd a-while take shelter here.

K. Vor. The Ports will instantly be stop'd,
By Noon your Flight must be the publick Theme;
Yet a few Hours, and you've the Waves in view.

Queen. Go find *Arminius*, tell to him thy Reasons,
And we will instantly depart. [Ex. *K. Vor.*

Depart, for what? or where? my Torment's fix'd,
No Change of Scene can vary my Misfortunes;
The Princess now, may gain the Vows of *Lucius*,
That solemn Faith he plighted first to me;
Their Hands may join, and she have all his Transports,
That Height of Wish! that Extacy of Soul!

When his bright Eyes spoke better than his Tongue,
Darting delight; for Love was all their Language.

Ah! wretched *Rosalinda*, whither now?

Think on *Otharius*: there thou'rt lost indeed:

Thy Lord was slain by him, whom thou hast wedded.

Blot out with your, 'till now, unerring Hand;

Blot out, ye Pow'rs, that single murd'ring Thought.

Tear from the destin'd Book, that cursed Deed,

All other Woes for ever stand recorded.

Re-enter King Vortimer.

K. Vor. Madam, the Prince is no where to be found,
We must proceed without him, or you're lost.

Queen. And, what art thou (unus'd to such a Presence)
That, with rude Sounds, presum'st t'affront our Ears?

K. Vor. Come willingly, for fear you should be forc'd.

Queen. Who waits? my Guards! *Arminius*, help!

K. Vor. Thou call'st in vain, a greater Force is here :
It is the King of *Britain*, who conducts thee.

Queen. Ha! my haughty Foe, the cruel *Vortimer*!

K. Vor. You're now within my Pow'r, and can't escape.

Queen. No! I will never stir, I'll grow to Earth: Heav'n!
let me change my Being with the Brutes:

Nay, welcome Death! rather than go with thee.

K. Vor. Take heed, how you provoke a King like me:

Mine is a surly, uninvited *Cupid* :

No willing Harbour finds he in my Breast.

On War, on Empire, all my Thoughts were fix'd,

'Till thy malignant Form intruded here.

Give me my self! I ask but to forget thee.

Queen. A never-failing Cure for Love, is absence.

K. Vor. Oh! 'tis a tedious One, and racks the Mind;
Nor has it wrought the wish'd-for Cure on me.

Thou'st been my curs'd Tormentor, since the Time
I first beheld thee, with my Foe, thy Father:

Now I'll revenge me on that Tyrant Beauty.

Queen. Oh! hear me, King: I am already marry'd.

K. Vor. Then Furies seize thy Husband! what's to be done?
Yield thou to be divorc'd, and reign our Queen.

Queen. Thy Queen! not to command the Universe;
And yet I wish, that I had never wedded.

K. Vor. Born of an hated Race, and lost to me.

May I not ravish her, I cou'd not win?

May I not seize, what wou'd not be bestow'd?

I dream of blest'd Enchantment in her Arms:

I, restless, burn, and rave on furious Joy.

And nothing but Possession can assuage

The Love-sick, raging Fever of my Soul.

Queen. Ruffian, forbear! whence comes this Prophanation?

K. Vor. Revenge and Love, are both in Arms within.

Thy

Thy Eyes, and Scorn, burn me with different Fires.
Urg'd on to War, and eager for the Conquest,
I cannot part inglorious from the Field.

[Struggles with
her, she falls at
his feet.

Queen. Oh! Woe for me.

Thus far I'm vanquish'd, and thus low subdu'd.
I clasp thy Knees, I grasp thy Feet with Horror.
Do not assault the Honour of thy Daughter;
I am the Wife of *Lucius*.

K. Vor. Of *Lucius*! of that Rebel!
Supplanted by my Son! when wert thou wedded?

Queen. Not one kind Hour has our sad *Hymen* known.
Nay, scarce the Moment smil'd, that join'd our Hands:
Successive Woes have parted us already.

K. Vor. Thou goest with us, to see the Prince no more.
A banish'd Traytor; shall he always live:
The Hour he lands in *Britain*, he shall die.

Queen. What, your victorious, loyal, Godlike Son?

K. Vor. Unhappy *Queen*! thy Praises wing his Fate.
Curs'd, as I am, thus burning for thy Charms;
My vital Blood, drank up by thirsty Love,
Seizes the cordial Beauty to revive me.
Lucius has wedded thee, but not enjoy'd.
Possession is a better Claim than his:
Then instant let me make the Prize secure.

What follows, we at leisure may debate;
The present Moment takes up all our Thoughts;
This Struggle past, we are our Self again,
And our Heart free from an ingrateful Passion.

Queen. Give me my Death, be there a Conqueror.

Arminius, Albany, help! oh help!

K. Vor. Thou rav'st, thou call'st in vain; he hears thee not.
Rich Love, repay me now the Peace I lost.

Queen. Whom shall I next invoke, ye mighty Pow'rs?

Lucius! where art thou now, in my Distress?

My Lord! my *Lucius*! where art thou my *Lucius*?

He comes! my Husband comes to save my Honour.

[*Lucius* appears at the lower End of the Scene.

Luc.

Luc. Thro' the wide ecchoing Forest, who resounds
The Name of *Lucius*? the Queen of *Albany*!
And in a Ruffian's Hand! dye, Ravisher! [Father.

Queen. Oh! hold. Oh! horror, *Lucius*: 'Tis against thy
[The *Queen* interposes, and *Lucius* falls at
King *Vortimer's* Feet.

Luc. What, was I arm'd against my Royal Father?
Against that precious Source of my own Life?
My Heart bleeds inward at the racking Thought.
If this be Fear, I never fear'd till now.

K. Vor. Retire, and leave us with the Queen.

Luc. Sir.

K. Vor. Traytor be gone; thou hast no Business here.

Queen. Oh do not *Lucius*, as you once lov'd Vertue;
As once you lov'd your poor unhappy Bride,
E're adverse Fate cou'd teach thy Heart to change.

K. Vor. Some other Method must be found to part you.

Queen. Above, to those bright Mansions of the Bless'd,
The grateful *Rosalind*, her Thanks returns. [Exit.
This Day, in each revolving Year, be prais'd:
Let it be mark'd the Happy, and the Fair,
And may I cease to live, when I prophane it. [Kneels.

Luc. Can Falsehood seem so graceful?

Queen. To thee, my Husband, next, with like regard
(The Instrument of my Deliverance)
I cannot say enough, my Heart is thine.

Luc. Oh! 'tis a very false One.

Queen. Who's false, my Lord?

Luc. The perjur'd Queen.

Queen. Turn not on me, the Errors of our Fate:
Joy at thy Sight, and for my late Escape,
Caus'd me some Moments to forget my Grievs;
But they return, full blown, with sharp Reproach.
Yes, *Lucius*, we must part; fly hence for ever:
I too must go, and make my widow'd Bed,
Where Winds and Seas, eternally at War,

Have

Have left no Landing-place for Murderers.

Luc. The like Forgetfulness has seiz'd on me.
Almighty Beauty quite becalms my Rage :
In looking on thee, I forget thy Crimes :
Forget, thou gav'st my Honour to the Winds ;
Stuck foul Discredit on my spotless Name :
Left me to drink the bitter Dregs of Wrath,
Of burning Jealousy, and cold Despair,
Regardless of the Right, that I claim'd in thee.

Queen. Since I am false, have I not need to fly ?
Bad Woman as I am, I own my Crime ;
But oh ! for whom is it, that I am guilty ?
In thee, 'tis most inhumane to reproach me ;
Thou mad'st me Criminal, and yet upbraid'st me.
False to *Otharius*, Murd'refs as I am,
Ev'n now I kill him o'er again ! ev'n now !
Whilst thy too gracious Form is dear to Sight ;
Whilst all of thee is precious to my Heart,
And Love o'erwhelms Resentment in my Soul.

Luc. O well dissembled Falsehood.

Queen. Fly thou, lest we shou'd never part :
Tho' all Regards, divine and humane, plead :
Tho' Blood cries out aloud, be gone, Revenge :
Tho' Men and Angels have decreed against thee :
Tho' Shame, Remorse, and Veng'ance, call me hence,
Strong as thou art in Charms, how can I go ?

Luc. Yes, thou wou'dst go
Around the World to bear my Infamy :
The odious Load, which thou hast heap'd on me,
On me, and on thy self.
Oh ! what art thou become ? how art thou call'd ?
The Wife of *Lucius*, a known Prostitute.
She who fled from him, on his Marriage-day.
Arise Revenge ! arise ; and force out Love.
Come Indignation, Honour, Glory come ;
Strengthen my Arm, and shew me how to punish.

Queen. Ah, Heav'ns ! my Lord, you will not kill your Wife.

Luc.

Luc. Is there another Way to clear my Honour?

Queen. What have I done? or why am I suspected?

Luc. *Arminius* has thy Virgin-Shame disclos'd;

And of thy early Hours the secret Practice:

With the same Rage, 'as once he lov'd, he hates.

Behold this Letter — fair Perdition.

A Boy! a poor domestick Slave! low Sin!

Vile Woman! vicious Sex!

Why was I chosen? I, for this Dishonour?

Queen. Has trait'rous *Albany* traduc'd my Vertue?

Luc. Thy Self, against thy Self: See here, these Lines;

My Shame and thine! this wicked Scroll is thine.

Queen. By Heav'n and Earth it is not! I am wrong'd.

Hear me, my Lord. Alas! where are your Eyes?

What means that Arm, uplifted to my Death?

Why do you stare, 'as you were turn'd to Stone?

Luc. An unseen Power disarms me:

I idly gaze, am lost, but cannot strike.

Away, away! lest I shou'd love to Madness;

Lest I shou'd take Perdition to my Bed;

The Blot of Glory, stain'd with abject Joys.

Queen. I ne'er writ this! never lov'd *Albany*!

Ne'er heard, or thought I was belov'd by him.

Oh! Torment of the Mind, to be suspected:

I, who love Honour, Innocence, and Truth,

Next Heav'n and thee, that I shou'd be suspected.

Luc. Is it not plain? See there thy Hand, false Woman.

In spite of Charms, I shall relapse to Rage:

In spite of Love, destroy thee — Let me go.

A Miracle can only clear thy Fame,

And heal my wounded Heart.

[*As Lucius is breaking from the Queen, Sylvius enters, his Breast open, torn and bloody, he falls at the Queen's Feet, Lucius supports him.*]

Syl. Fly, Madam, I am wounded unto Death:
The King of *Britain's* Sword has pierc'd my Heart:

He's

He's fighting with our Party, and must conquer.

My gracious Queen, I beg you wou'd forgive me.

Lucius, the Letter thou hast seen, I wrote :

Thou wert thy self the Cause — I lov'd thee, *Lucius* :

Lov'd thee in *Britain* : Follow'd thee to *Aquitain* ;

Now, in thy Arms, unpitied, dies *Alenia*.

Oh *Almerin* ! are thus thy Words explain'd ? [Dies.]

Queen. Thy Death's a Miracle to clear my Fame.

My jealous Lord requir'd a Miracle :

It is *Alenia*, false *Arminius*'s Sister.

Base Man ! how deeply were thy Treasons laid ?

Luc. With conscious Guilt, for being so misled ;

With conscious Shame, for having thus offended ;

With all the Penitence of Men convinc'd,

When they, like me, are tortur'd by Remorse,

I prostrate fall, to hear your equal Doom.

Pronounce a Sentence heavy as my Crime :

Oh ! banish me from Life, but not from Love :

Send me to die, but not to live from you.

Queen. Cou'd Fate as easily be reconcil'd,

Then might we meet in Joy. But oh ! the Fates,

The Fates are angry with us, *Lucius*.

With thee, for murdering the brave *Otharius* ;

With me, for wedding with his Murderer !

Luc. I kill the King !

Who dares accuse the Innocent ?

Queen. *Albany* does.

Arminius and *Alenia* saw thee kill him :

The Sword found, broken, in *Otharius*'s Body,

Was giv'n thee by *Arminius*.

Luc. Oh ! well-invented Malice :

'Tis false, 'tis false : So may the Traytor die,

Or *Lucius* perish.

Queen. Did'st thou not beg of him, my Father's Sword ?

Luc. Never ! that Villain has traduc'd us both.

Queen. Oh ! I believe thee, *Lucius* : But the World !

Clear there thy Fame, and I am still thy Bride.

G

Enter

Enter Irene haistily.

Irene. Madam, the King has slain the *Alban* Lord,
Left, by the Prince, to guard your Majesty :
He has fought a bloody Battle with our Party,
But cruel *Vortimer*, at length has conquer'd.

Queen. Alas ! then I am once again his Captive.
Remember, *Lucius*, that which thou hast sworn ;
Protect me from his Love, or thou art perjur'd.

*K. Vortimer enters with Soldiers, they go to seize the Queen ;
Lucius draws and defends her.*

K. Vor. What ! arm against thy King ! against thy Father !
Wilt thou ? dar'st thou ? then kill the horrid Villain,
That I may curse, I ever had a Son.

Luc. Your Life, great Sir, to me, be always sacred :
I but defend the Honour of my Wife. (Heart.

K. Vor. Then, Soldiers, strike, strike thro' the Traitor's

*[They are going to kill the Prince, the Queen
comes from behind, and interposes.]*

Queen. Thro' me you strike ; I guard my Husband's Life.

K. Vor. Thee I can't hurt : my Eyes disarm my Hand.
Slaves, tear him thence ! but do not touch the Queen,
Your Lives shall answer it, but kill the Rebel.

Queen. Kill your Son ! oh, impious, curs'd Command !
Soldiers, stand off, or else you pass thro' me.

K. Vor. Slaves, Villains, Cowards, are you hers, or mine ?

Queen. I cannot long defend him, he must fall :
Yield, *Lucius*, I release thee from thy Vow.
Oh ! save his Life, and I'll consent to go :
Spare but thy Son, I am thy willing Captive.

Luc. What, hast thou giv'n thy Honour for my Life ?
A vast exchange, and better I had dy'd.

Queen.

Queen. My Honour, no! That is the Care of Heav'n;
My Life I'd always give for thine.

Luc. Oh! sacred Sir.

By all those Tyes that keep bad Men from Crimes,
From acting what their wicked Hearts conceive,
I charge you not to think of Violation,
I am your Son; she is my wedded Wife;
More were superfluous.

K. Vor. Away. Now for the Sea.

Queen. And may it with unbounded Rage receive us.
Blow Winds, exert on us your utmost Force,
All Nature else be free; Plunge us beneath,
Dash us on Rocks: ye cannot be too cruel;
Yet spare my Husband, amidst all your Storms.
But for this impious King and me,
War, Fire, Fury, Blood and Devastation
Pursue us, as ye did my wretched Father;
O'ertake us, as ye have the slain *Otharius*:
And when ye come, I shall account it Gain,
That the curs'd *Briton* suffers in my Pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Outer-part of the Temple of Jupiter, Emmelin and Arm-
 inus meeting; She with a Dagger.*

Emm. **U**Nfaithful *Albany*, is this the Trust?
 Are these the Promises thou mad'st to me?
 I feel the Strength of Nations in this Arm,
 And thou shalt taste my Dagger.

Arm. A Hand so fair, shou'd never menace Danger,
 And Peace and Joy should be the Gifts of Beauty:
 Were I not yet of Use to *Emmelin*, [*Wrests it from her.*]
 I'd not oppose, but meet the destin'd Blow.

Emm. Say, fawning Traytor, hast thou not undone me?

Arm. Why are you thus against your Slave enrag'd?
 How can your Creature merit Death from you?

Emm. Accomplish'd Villain! plead'st thou Ignorance,
 And *Lucius* (whom my Soul is fond of) sentenc'd?
 By thy curs'd Accusation he's condemn'd.
 Thou told'st the Kings and Priests, he was a *Christian*;
 For That he dies, nor can my Brother save him.

Arm. Oh! hear me: I have serv'd you to the utmost:
 No other Way cou'd gain him a Reprieve
 From *Vortimer*, his jealous Father.

Emm. Speak on —

Arm. When first the King, your Brother, and my self
 (With all his Guards, and Train of noble Huntsmen)
 O'ertook the flying Tyrant, with the Captives,
 He halted, to consider of their Death.

Emm. New Horror! murder his only Son!

Arm. I thought what, by his Loss, your Heart wou'd suffer,
 And therefore sent for Audience from the Tyrant,
 In which, I soon his Confidence regain'd:
 For, whilst the Action pass'd, I boldly swore,

With-

Within the shady Forest I was sleeping,
'Till waken'd by *Honorius* numerous Train,
I was by them constrain'd to join his Party.

Emm. Did he credit this?

Arm. He seem'd to do it, yet was all Confusion :
Nay, vow'd he wou'd, himself, the Captives slay,
Rather than from his Power they shou'd be wrested.

Emm. Cruel Tyrant ! most unnatural Father !

Arm. To gain a Pause of Time, some Hours to serve you,
'Twas my advice, that he should yield them up
As *Christian* Converts, to the *Flamen's* Hands ;
From whence, he afterwards, might save the Queen,
Shou'd he design to let his Rival perish.

Emm. Our Laws are such, if *Christians* are convicted,
They must abjure, or die !
The Queen, by all our People is belov'd :
For, tho' they long have guess'd she was a Convert,
'Till now, alas ! she never was accus'd :
Thy Breath has kill'd her : Thou hast slain thy Queen.
The Gods will hunt thee round the World for this,
Rebel and Traytor as thou art.

Arm. To you I am no Traytor.

Emm. How did'st thou know that *Lucius* was a *Christian* ?

Arm. I thought the Queen might have converted him ;
And he, with Pride, upon the first Demand,
Above his Father's Hopes, acknowledg'd it.

Emm. This, then, is the Result : But if he die,
(Mark me, my cunning Lord of *Albany*,
For by *Diana's* Chastity I swear)
I will have Veng'ance for the Prince's Death.

Arm. They have refus'd the *Druids* offer'd Mercy :
The jealous *Briton* urges for a Sentence :
His Guards have got possession of this Temple,
Nor dares the King, for fear of popular Rage,
Wrest *Christian* Convicts from the *Flamen's* Hands.
What can we then project to save the Prince ?

Emm. The Prince of *Cambria*, and the King my Brother,

With

With pressing, yet unprosperous Tears and Pray'rs,
 Have fought the Tyrant to release the Captives;
 But, by the superstitious People join'd,
 He Lords it here, as if he were in *Britain*.
 In this Extremity some Hopes remain,
 That we may yet surprize the *British* Guard,
 Which, if by thee, and by the Prince perform'd,
 May, from the publick Hate, preserve my Brother:
 A chosen Party of the *Gallick* Troops,
 Have Orders to obey you.
 Hasten then, with these, and save the Royal Pris'ners;
 Relieve my Love, tho' he be ne'er for me.
 Fly — tear him from his Rival — set him free,
 Or my Revenge shall center all in thee.

[*The Curtain drawn up, discovers an Altar to Jupiter;
 Flamens attending: Lucius and the Queen under
 the British Guard.*]

Luc. Yet, ere my Father shall pronounce our Doom,
 Let me, this Once, enfold thee in my Arms;
 Take from my Wife, this first and last Embrace.
 Oh! sweet to Sense — O yet untasted Beauty:
 To die is nothing — but resigning thee,
 I merit more than ever Man cou'd merit.

Queen. So fast these troubled watry Bubbles rise,
 I cannot see thee through 'em. Oh! farewell.

Luc. Farewell, my Queen: May the sharp Pangs of Death
 Fall gently on thee, as when Children slumber.

Queen. May Angels bear thee on their golden Wings,
 Without the intermediate Pains between.

Luc. My Father comes, and now we part for ever.

Enter K. Vortimer, Priests and Train.

K. Vor. Christians! once more, do ye Abjure or Die?

Luc. Die.

Queen. Both die.

Luc.

Luc. But first, great Sir, I beg, in Death, forgiveness, [*Kneels.*
In what (as erring Man) I have offended ;
Tho' never, willingly, did I displease
My awful King and Father :
As to my Love, it was involuntary ;
Hearts do not give themselves ; for that I die.

Queen. As of my dearest Lord, you are the Parent,
Pardon those Words I may in Rage have spoke ; [*Kneels.*
But sure the Provocation was extream,
I do forgive, and wou'd be so forgiven.

Luc. I wish you Length of Days, and to forget me :
Forget you e'er had an unhappy Son ;
But may you still, with never-ending Grief,
Remember *Rosalinda*.

Queen. Long may you live, repenting *Lucius* Death :
To you I recommend my helpless People,
If e'er their Queen you lov'd (as much you flatter'd)
Govern with Clemency.

K. Vor. They shake my Heart :
Yet, ne'er from Love, cou'd Pity gain the Ground.
Yield up thy Bride to us, and thou shalt live ; [*Aside to Luc.*
Thy cursed Marriage may be disannul'd,
And thou proclaim'd our Kingdom's Heir.

Luc. Forsake my Wife ! it is not in my Pow'r :
Mercy is Cruelty, when so disguis'd.

K. Vor. Then thou shalt die, rebellious hard'ned Boy.
You know your Charms, exert 'em now, be mine,
And *Lucius*, my curs'd Rival, too shall live. [*Aside to the Queen.*

Queen. To save the Prince's Life, I wou'd do all
But break the sacred Vow, I plighted to him.

K. Vor. Since thus I'm brav'd by their fantastick Passion,
Their Death shall be an instant Cure for mine.
Take hence, to diff'rent Prisons, both these *Christians*,
The Woman strait shall die by Fire : But first,
The common Deathsmen riots in her Charms ;
Whilst *Lucius*, on a lofty Scaffold bleeds.
Their Sentence is irrevocable.

Luc.

Luc. A Queen condemn'd to suffer as a Slave;
 Oh awful Judge! I cannot call you Father.
 Let savage Beasts hunt down my weary'd Life;
 Tear off my Flesh, or bury me alive;
 Rack only me, and I will bless the King;
 But save, unhurt, the Honour of my Wife.

Queen. Sacred to Vertue and immortal Glory,
 Sacred to chaste and holy Purity,

Who is it dares to sentence our high Honour?
 Our spotless Fame aspires to reach the Skies.

Our Life we willingly resign; there glut your Rage.

K. Vor. Hence. Bear 'em to their Prisons.

Queen. Oh! *Lucius, Lucius*, they wou'd drag me from thee.

Luc. Slaves, Ravishers, forbear to touch my Wife.

Queen. He is my Lord; we cannot part, and live.

Luc. Oh! Father, Monarch, Royal *Vortimer*,
 By my dear Mother's Honour, save the Queen's.

K. Vor. Down, down with him to the Temple-dungeon.

*[The Stage opens, and Lucius is carry'd down by the
 Priests and Soldiers.]*

Queen. Upwards to Heav'n, where he shall rise a Saint.
 Oh! mighty Pow'rs, my Breast (by you inspir'd)
 Foretels some Miracle, vouchsaf'd to me,
 Shall guard my Chastity from brutal Rage.
 All worldly Pomp I willingly forego;
 My Husband too, the dearest Gift of Life.
 Thro' Fire I'll gladly pass, my Faith to prove,
 If Fire can save me from an impious Love. *[Ex. guarded.]*

K. Vor. Now laugh, proud Queen, and scorn our proffer'd
 (Throne.

Enter Arminius.

Lord *Albany*, what you advis'd, is done.

Arm. It is Revenge befitting a great Soul:
 Oh! 'twill be great, be Extacy indeed,
 If you can personate the happy Slave

Sen-

Sentenc'd to ravish this nice Piece of Beauty,
And like brave *Tarquin*, clasp your far-fam'd *Lucrece*.

K. Vor. Revenge and Love shall be together sated:
Under the vile Appearance of that Wretch,
We will possess the Fair, yet shroud our Glory.

Arm. How bears *Honorius* such a foul Decree?

K. Vor. The Coward *Gaul*, durst not release the *Christians*,
Durst not command, ev'n in his Capital,
Lest his good People shou'd, forsooth, grow angry.
We laugh'd to see the Royal Dastard's Fears;
Whilst, by our seeming Zeal, and Gold well-plac'd,
We gain'd a Sentence hateful to their King.
Were she not fair, what were her Gods to me?

Let Nations wonder at the horrid Deed:
Let all the Monarchs of the World unite,
To pour down Vengeance on our guilty Head,
We'll meet the Torrent, when we've quench'd our Flame.

Yes, *Rosalind*! thy Beauties are devoted,
Thro' Laws we wade, to reach thy cruel Arms,
Thro' thy own Blood to taste thy boasted Charms.

If Love alone can wisest Counsels blast,
Unpeople Kingdoms, and lay Nations waste;
With Indignation when the God is fir'd,
At once by Fury and Revenge inspir'd;
Like Lightning from the Hand of *Jove* he flies,
All Danger, and all Rule, his Rage defies,
Nor dreads the threat'ned Veng'ance of the Skies.

[*Ex. King Vor.*

Arm. Fortune, once more, let me invoke thy Aid.
Oh! thou great Goddess, be propitious now,
And stand revers'd for ever!

[*Exit.*

[*The Scene shifts to the Dungeon, Lucius discovered,
Arminius enters to him.*

Arm. Long live the Prince of Britain.

Luc. Who's there?

Arm. A Friend to *Lucius*.

H

Luc.

Luc. Thou! guilty, treacherous Lord of *Albany*!
Can'st thou, who wrong'd the Queen, and wrong'd our Fame,
Presume to be a Friend? Oh! for a Sword.

Arm. There, have your Wish: But turn it not on me,
'Till Fate has leisure for so vile a Life.

Luc. Speak on: What was thy Errand hither?

Arm. Hope to preserve the Queen from Violation.
Measure my Zeal by her Distress: Alas!
Both are too great for Words.

Luc. *Albany's* Zeal! an ignominious Traytor
Who has traduc'd us both; stain'd the Queen's Glory,
And fix'd on me the Murther of *Otharius*.

Arm. Wild to possess what most my Soul ador'd,
What wou'd not a poor lost, despairing Lover?
But oh! no more she lives for you, nor me:
No more her Honour lives, without our Succour.
By an unheard-of, monstrous, vile Decree,
A sordid Slave possesses all her Charms,
Unless, this Instant, we the Wretch can slay.
I'll lead you where you may the Deed perform:
Time calls on me to head *Honorius* Troops,
Dispos'd, by him, and *Emmelin*, to aid you:
Perhaps, some lucky Moment may look forth
To save her sacred Life, as well as Honour.
What Vengeance Then, a noble Foe can ask,
All the Revenge that Arm can take, be thine.

Luc. Hope, once again, re-kindles in my Soul:
This Deed perform'd, and the bright Queen preserv'd,
I claim the Justice of thy Sword: 'Till when,
In the ensuing Tumult, spare my Father.

[*Exeunt*,

The Scene shifts, they re-enter.

Arm. That Door conducts you to the Queen;
The *British* Guards are drawn around the Temple;
The Priests themselves, as loth to hear her Shrieks,
Retire to Corners, to bewail th' Event.

There's

There's the Way ; be sure you kill the Ravisher.

Luc. Farewell : Inevitable Death pursues him. [*Luc. goes in.*]

Arm. This is, indeed, a Master-piece of Cunning :

This is a most accomplish'd Strain of Thought.

The Father kill the Son, the Son the Father :

Either fall, or both ; but one must perish :

I head the *Gauls*, and murder the Survivor,

And then the Crown and Queen may yet be mine. [*Ex. Arm.*]

[*The Scene changes.*]

Enter Vortimer disguis'd in a sordid Habit : As he is going out at the opposite Door, Lucius pursues him, pulls him back, and stabs him.

Luc. Stay, Ruffian, take thy Death from *Lucius* Hand.

Where is my *Rosalinda* ? where's my Love ?

My dearest Queen ? the Ravisher's no more : [*the Queen enters.*]

The sordid, ignominious Slave is dead.

K. Vor. Yet, but a moment's Space, and I am gone ;

The God's have prov'd themselves, and I am slain.

Luc. That Voice has something sacred in the Sound.

K. Vor. It is thy Father : Thou hast slain me, *Lucius*.

Kill'd him, who gave thee Life : Curse on the Deed. [*Dies.*]

Luc. Oh ! 'tis he, 'tis he ; the Royal *Vortimer* :

Ev'n now, his angry Soul has forc'd its Passage :

Swiftly his Breath fleets upwards from my Sight.

Now he arraigns me at the Bar of Justice,

Now he accuses his ill-fated Son ;

Now he pulls down the righteous Veng'ance on me,

Invokes the Thunder, and all-piercing Lightning.

How full it glares on my defective Sight :

O'erwhelm'd by dreadful Bolts, the Wrath of Heav'n,

Down, down I sink to meet the Fate of Parricides :

Avenge my Father's Blood, Despair and Death :

A King's, a Parent's Blood ! Despair and Die ! [*Falls in a Trance.*]

Queen. Oh ! great unhappy Hero, born for Woe :

Oh ! fatal Moment, that inclin'd thy Heart,

To think the wretched *Rosalinda* fair.

Dear, lovely Eyes, admit no more of Day :
 Eternal be this Lethargy of Grief :
 Do not return to conscious, racking Thought.
 He comes again to Miseries untold :
 To Life, to Sense, to Reason, to Distraction !

Luc. Say, thou bright fair One, who first taught me Truth,
 May not this Hand avenge a Parent's Blood ?

Queen. The Gates of Mercy are for ever shut
 Against Self-murderers.

Luc. What, cut a Father's Thread,
 And calmly wait the breaking of my own ?
 Not Years of strictest Pennance can atone ;
 Can expiate, for shedding sacred Blood.
 Oh King ! thy Usurpation and bad Deeds,
 The Murder of thy Prince, are here reveng'd :
 For ever Scarlet, those deep-tinctur'd Crimes
 (By an irrevocable, righteous Doom)
 Have made thy Son thy Executioner.
 On me thy Sins descend, for thee I am curs'd.

Queen. Arise, my Lord, new Mischiefs are at hand.

Luc. 'Tis false *Arminius* fighting with the Guards.

Arminius says, I slew the great *Otharius*,

Arminius stain'd the Honour of the Queen,

Arminius urg'd me on to kill my Father,

Arminius comes for Payment of his Crimes :

Traitor ! have at thy Heart !

Arm. Oh ! I am slain.

I've justly met my Death from *Lucius* Hand.

Queen. Yet, as thou hop'st for Pardon of thy Crimes,
 If thou hast Breath, tell me who kill'd *Otharius* ?

Arm. I slew your Lord, and fix'd it upon *Lucius* ;
 Wild Love and false Ambition were my Guides :
 The Gods forgive us all.

[Dies.]

Prince of Camb. Dear noble Youth,
 The Pow'rs have brought us to preserve thy Life,
 From the hard Sentence of a cruel Father.

Luc. Oh Uncle ! shroud me from an impious Deed :

Oh !

An Alarm and fighting within: Arminius enters at the Head of a Party, goes to kill Lucius, is kill'd by him: Then enter the Prince of Cambria, leading Emmelin, Irene, &c.

Oh! hide me in your Bosom from the Light.
Behold that sacred Body! There's my Father:
Behold, in *Lucius*, the curs'd Parricide.

Pr. of Camb. *Vortimer* slain, and by my Nephew's Hand!
Thou great, illustrious, happy, happy Youth,
The Fates have now been busy for thy Glory.
Hear all, and tremble at this righteous Justice.
Thou hast slain thy Father's Murtherer, *Lucius*;
Aveng'd his Death, and punish'd the Usurper.

Luc. Oh Uncle! was not *Vortimer* my Father?

Pr. of Camb. This Monster cou'd not have a Son, like *Lucius*.
Thou ow'st thy Birth to the late Royal King,
Whom this vile Traytor, at a Banquet slew:
The Queen was then in Child-bed; You her Off-spring.
To save you from a cruel Tyrant's Sword,
We spread the Rumour of your sudden Death,
And with feign'd Tears, wept o'er an empty Tomb:
The War in *Gallia* drew him from the Throne,
In foreign Fields to bury loyal Chiefs,
Who ill cou'd bear the Murther of their King.

Luc. But how, great Sir, was I suppos'd his Son?

(*Sister.*

Pr. of Camb. He forc'd a Marriage with the Queen my
By my Advice, you seem'd to spring from thence:
The Queen's retir'dness bar'd intruding Eyes;
'Till broke with Sorrow, shortly she expir'd.
Six Years the Tyrant pass'd in foreign War:
At his return, I gave you to his Arms,
Who, as a forward Miracle, receiv'd you.
Thus the just Powers have led you by the Hand,
To punish, in curst *Vortimer*, the Man,
Who caus'd the Death of both your Royal Parents.

Luc. Oh holy Angels! tune it in your Choir;
Eccho it Heav'n, thro' all yon azure Sky;
The happy *Lucius* has not slain his Father.
To you, bright beauteous Princess's, I sue:
To you, my noble Uncle, and our Friends,

Kneel,

Kneel all, and kiss the Dust in Adoration,
Kneel all, and praise the Eternal Pow'r with me :
The happy *Lucius* has reveng'd his Father.

Queen. My Life, my Honour, and my People rescu'd,
Cou'd only be the Work of Heav'n, and *Lucius*.

Luc. Once more thou art my Wife.

Queen. Once more and ever be my Love.

Emm. Here, *Emmelin*, thy Hopes of *Lucius* die ;
Be then no more misled by fatal Love,
But to *Diana's* Train, devote thy self [*Aside.*
For ever.

Luc. What Thanks, bright Princess, shall I pay to you,
And your great Brother, who has help'd to save me ? [to *Emm.*
That I have pass'd the threat'ned Storms of Fate,
Aveng'd my Parents, and preserv'd my Wife,
Are Blessings first deriv'd to me from Beauty.
Benighted, grov'ling on my Mother Earth,
'Till Beauty call'd, I unenlight'ned lay :
By Beauty lead, I sought eternal Day.
I view those shining Realms of Light above,
And gain immortal Happiness by Love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. P R I O R.

Spoken by Mrs. Horton.

THE Female Author, who Recites to Day,
Trusts to her Sex the Merit of her Play:
Like Father Bayes, securely she sits down,
Pit, Box, and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own.
In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their Applause the Criticks shew'd their Wit;
They tun'd their Voices to her Lyrick String,
Tho' they cou'd All do something more than Sing.
But one Exception to this Fact we find,
That Booby, Phaon, only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boatman, rough as Waves and Wind.
From Sappho down, thro' all succeeding Ages,
And now on French, or on Italian Stages,
Rough Satyrs, sly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no Man
Drew a sharp Pen upon a naked Woman.
The blust'ring Bully, in our neighb'ring Streets,
Scorns to attack the Female that he meets:
Fearless, the Petticoat contemns his Frowns;
The Hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
The many-colour'd Gentry There above,
By turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love;
And whilst their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suspend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks.

Now

EPILOGUE.

Now SIRS,

To you, our Author makes her soft Request,
Who speak the Kindest, and who write the Best;
Your Sympathetick Hearts She hopes to move,
From tender Friendship, and endearing Love.
If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's Wit rehearse,
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's Verse,
She hopes from You — Pox take Her Hopes and Fears,
I plead her Sex's Claim, what matters Hers?
By our full Pow'r of Beauty, we think fit
To damn this Salique Law, impos'd on Wit.
We'll try the Empire You so long have boasted;
And if we are not Prais'd, we'll not be Toasted.
Approve what One of us presents to Night,
Or every mortal Woman here shall write;
Rural, Pathetick, Narrative, Sublime:
We'll write to you, and make you write in Rhime;
Female Remarks shall take up all your Time.
Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money,
Female Third-Days, shall come so thick upon you,
As long as we have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
We'll Look, or Write, or Talk you all to Death;
Unless ye yield for Better and for Worse:
Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the Course;
And the gray Mare will prove the better Horse.

F I N I S.

05/1

